Capo: Let me alone for that, goe get you in,
Now before God my heart is passing light,
To see her thus conformed to our will. *Exeunt.*

Enter Nurse, Iuliet.

Nur: Come, come, what need you anie thing else?
Iul: Nothing good Nurse, but leaue me to my selfe:
For I doo meane to lye alone to night.
Nur: Well theres a cleane smocke vnder your pillow,
and so good night. *Exit.*

Enter Mother.

Moth: What are you busie, doo you need my helpe?
Iul: No Madame, I desire to lye alone,
For I haue manie things to thinke vpon.
Moth: Well then good night, be stirring *Iuliet*,
The Countie will be earlie here to morrow. *Exit.*
Iul: Farewell, God knowes when wee shall meete a-
gaine.
Ah, I doo take a fearfull thing in hand.
What if this Potion should not worke at all,
Must I of force be married to the Coūtie?
This shall forbid it. Knife, lye thou there.
What if the Frier should giue me this drinke
To poyson mee, for feare I should disclose
Our former marriage? Ah, I wrong him much,
He is a holy and religious Man:
I will not entertaine so bad a thought.
What if I should be stifled in the Toomb?

Awake an houre before the appointed time:
Ah then I feare I shall be lunaticke,
And playing with my dead forefathers bones,
Dash out my franticke braines. Me thinkes I see
My Cosin *Tybalt* weltring in his bloud,
Seeking for *Romeo*: stay *Tybalt*, stay.
Romeo I come, this doe I drinke to thee,
She fals vpon her bed within the Curtaines.

Enter Nurse with hearbs, Mother.

Moth: Thats well said Nurse, set all in redines,
The Countie will be heere immediatly.

Enter Oldeman.

Cap: Make hast, make hast, for it is almost day,
The Curfewe bell hath rung, t'is foure a clocke,
Looke to your bakt meates good Angelica.
Nur: Goe get you to bed you cotqueane. I faith you
will be sicke anone.
Cap: I warrant thee Nurse I haue ere now watcht all
night, and haue taken no harme at all.
Moth: I you haue beene a mouse hunt in your time,

Enter Seruingman with Logs & Coales.

Cap: A Ielous hood, a Ielous hood: How now sirra?
What haue you there?
Ser: Forsooth Logs.
Cap: Goe, goe choose dryer. Will will tell thee where
thou shalt fetch them.
Ser: Nay I warrant let me alone, I haue a head I troe to
choose